

# Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets Reopened Gaiden

## Fallen

"Get up! Go on, boy, **GET UP!**" Screamed a large, bulky man. He was in his late forties, with severely greying hair that had already started to recede. His cold eyes glared down at the young boy still in bed.

The boy let out a quiet groan and slowly sat up. As he brought a hand up to wipe the sleep from his eyes, he was struck in the side of the head. The blow connected directly to his temple, causing him to crumple back down, hissing in pain.

"You might be able to pull that crap with your mother, boy," Said the man, "But you won't with *ME*. Get up! I won't have you slacking about all damn day!"

And with that, he was gone, leaving the boy to try and collect himself. A few minutes later, dressed and feeling slightly less woozy, the boy left his room and headed for the kitchen. The man - his father - was already sitting at the table. The boy let out an almost inaudible sigh and began his new morning routine of preparing breakfast.

It hadn't always been like this. He used to live with his mother. Then the incident occurred. After that, he had spent quite a bit of time in wizarding court, being talked about as if he wasn't there. In the end, a decision was reached. His mother, despite being a naturally kind woman, had no capacity for punishing him. And, after what had happened, it was determined that he was either to go to his father (in an attempt to straighten him out) or be put into a sort of boot camp. His father had won out after having a lengthy discussion with the judge.

"Hurry up, damn it!" Thundered the boy's father, glaring darkly at him.

The boy bit down sharply on his tongue to prevent himself from letting loose an acidic reply that would surely get him beaten again. His

father seemed to think the best way to force him back onto the 'straight-and-narrow' was to yell, scream, and hit him. He didn't quite understand the reasoning, but asking would only result in more abuse. He could taste blood coming from his tongue, but didn't flinch at the pain or taste of it. Showing weakness around his father wasn't a good idea.

He finished making breakfast as quickly as he could, hoping his father would be too hungry to complain. Serving the food, the boy sat down across the small table from his father. The two ate in silence, the boy keeping his eyes down on his plate the entire time. Staring his father down in defiance or otherwise wasn't a good idea, either. Especially in the morning when the man was more ill-tempered than normal.

He hated his father. Yes, 'hate' was the only word to describe it. Every moment of his life had turned into a living nightmare ever since he had arrived. He had a sinking suspicion that his father's 'talk' with the judge had been more of an attempt to bribe the elderly man. He could only assume it had worked.

If his father were to drop dead at that very moment, the boy would be happier than he had ever been before. He couldn't escape from his father's home - he had already tried once. He was pretty sure his ribs were still healing from the punishment that followed. It seemed his father had set up wards around the property, alerting him whenever his son tried to leave.

The days passed by in an agonizing sort of slowness. The amount of abuse the boy took steadily grew. His father had a bad tendency to get drunk on the weekends, after all. And through all of it, the boy endured, because his hatred for his father grew stronger with each passing day. One week before he would have normally returned to school, it happened.

His father had violently thrown the dinner he had prepared across the room, yelling that he was allerging to garlic, amongst other things. The man had then pulled out his wand and started slinging curse after curse at the boy, sending him flying from his chair and across

the room. Even when the boy was backed into a corner, the spells and insults kept coming.

"You stupid little ingrate!" Yelled the man. "I have the decency to bring you into my home to try and fix your little problem and this is the thanks I get! I bet you thought it would be fun to see your old man have an allergic reaction, didn't you? Thought that if you put me into the hospital, you'd go back to that bitch, didn't you!"

"*Don't you insult her...*" Hissed the boy, using the walls behind him to get back on his feet.

The man glared at his son. "Ohh, you think you're a big man now, do you, talking back to me like that? I'll say whatever the hell I want to about that woman! Weak-willed little whore never *did* stand by seeing you punished!"

"***Don't you insult her!***" Screamed the boy again. And now his wand was out, as well, aimed at his father's head.

The man stared at the boy's wand for a moment before chuckling. "Going to try attacking me, hm? Go ahead then! Let's see if you managed to get any studying done in-between trying to force yourself on those girls!"

Five minutes later, the boy stepped out the front door of the house, wand still in his hand, eyes glazed over. After walking through where he knew the wards were, he looked over his shoulder and stopped. He waited for what felt like an hour before turning his gaze forward again. His father wouldn't be coming after him. His father wouldn't be doing anything again.

He knew he had to escape quickly. The Ministry would have detected his use of magic. He wasn't sure whether the Ministry was able to tell what spell he had used, but he'd rather not take any chances. He knew a few places he could go to hide out for awhile - places he had found when he was younger, back when his parents were still married.

"This is all your fault." Said the boy dully, gripping his wand tighter. "If you hadn't arrived, none of this would have happened..."

It had been an interesting sight, seeing that look of menace leave his father's eyes. The man had toppled over backwards, cracking his head on the counter. A pool of blood had slowly formed under the man's head - pointless, since he had been dead long before his head had struck anything.

Terry Boot smiled darkly. Why had he been put in Ravenclaw? Because he wanted knowledge. He wanted to know how to use every offensive spell he could in every way they could be used. He wanted to one day take out his father - to make the man cower in fear before relinquishing him of his life. His mother hadn't stood up for herself when the man beat her or him. It was only fair to seek revenge for the man's actions, after all. It had happened much sooner than he had thought it could. But then, he had quite a lot of hatred in him now. Hatred for his father, hatred for Dumbledore, and most of all, hatred for Harry Potter.

The boy turned and headed off into the nearby wooded area. There was a cave just off where a small set of mountains were located. He would hide there until he felt it safe to escape. And from there...

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**Author's Notes:** I know some of you had to wonder about him. This takes place before the end of Prisoner, for the record.

Expect to see a couple of these gaiden fics (side stories that take place separate from the regular, Harry-centric events of the R-Series) coming in the future. I have five total planned so far. They have no real meaning, aside from giving some insight into certain characters I want to flesh out more. And it gives me a chance to break from writing about Harry and Tonks constantly. Even I need a break from that every once in awhile.

Also, there will be a pattern to these short stories. I doubt anyone will be able to catch it before I make my move, but feel free to try. It might make more sense as I post more of them. I'm not sure whether or not I'll do the second before posting up the first chapter of Goblet, or if the next one will take place *during* Goblet. I'll work it out sometime. Until next time!

